THE WORLD'S WAY.

Three men rode out to the wide, wide world; (Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry, merry way!) And the first joined the war, where the banner we (Sing hey, sing ho, where the skulls lie low!)

And the second had a post in the court of a king;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the bribe and its pay!)
But he crowed too high, for the throne he tried to (Sing hey, sing ho, where the gallows-winds blow!)

And the third, he married a fine, bonny wife;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry marriage-day!)
For she spent his money, and led him such a life;
(Sing hey, sing ho, to the funeral go!)

Such were the ways of these three merry mer (Sing ho, sing hey, at the world's sweet way Some triffing pleasure, a hope, and then— (Sing hey, sing ho, for the grave below!)

## A DAUGHTER OF THESPIS.

BY JOHN D. BARRY.

(Copyright: 1904: By The Tribune Association. CHAPTER XLVI.

In the column review of the play Oswald Webb predicted that the piece would run in New-York out the season and would exert a wholesome influence on the drama; it proved conclusively that literary men could write plays, and it was to be hoped that other American novelists would profit by Ewing's example and turn their attention to the theatre, which they had too long neglected. To Evelyn the article seemed in style and in analysis far superior to any of the criticisms that had appeared in the New-York papers; Webb's sympathetic study of Ewing's methods, his eulogy of Miss Gordon-he gave Evelyn a half-dozen lines of commendation for her naturalness and restraint-and his summing up of the whole performance were so skilfully done that she could hardly believe that the

article had been thrown off under pressure. In spite of his optimistic views, however, the failed to win the immediate success pre dicted for it. For the first few nights the audiences were large; then, when a period of hot September weather followed, they fell off. But early in October they increased in size, though on no evening for the next few weeks could the theatre be said to be crowded. Saunderson, however, seemed to be satisfied with the receipts. At first it was reported that after three weeks the piece would be taken off, and there was consternation among the actors, who feared that just at the beginning of the season they would be thrown out of employment. Then a rumor was spread that the management intended to force the run to four or five months, and with the prestige acquired in this way to send the company on the road. But some of the critics in their weekly reviews expressed doubts as to the chance of such a play as "Deception" win ning favor in any city outside New-York, with the exception of Boston; it was just the kind of play Boston would like. It may have been these comments that inspired Helen Gordon with the belief, which she communicated to Evelyn, that as soon as the piece was withdrawn in New-York it would be taken for a run in Boston. Miss Gordon hoped they should go to Boston the Bostonians, she was sure, would just rave over the performance and she could rely on Mr Webb for another levely notice. What a splendid man he was and what beautiful English he wrote! Evelyn was much worried by the rumors about

the fate of the play; the possibility of losing tracts for the season had been made terrified her. It made her lay aside all thought of moving from Mrs. Leary's to more pretentious sur roundings; after Oswald Webb's call she had been tempted to do this; she knew that she the piece ran and that some of those who took delight in running after actresses would wan to call on her; indeed, Clark Ewing had asked if he might not call some Sunday afternoon Madge had urged her to come to the boardinghouse on lower Madison-ave, where she was living, but Evelyn had decided that the expense

would be too great.

A few days after the beginning of her season.
Evelyn received at the theatre a note from Miss
Coffey, in the upright extravagant scrawl of the fashionable boarding-school. This young woman announced that she had been trying to write to her dear Miss Johnson for days, but she hadn't been able to get round to it till morning she never had any time, any way; no one did In New-York—there were so many things to do. She and Genevieve were just wild over the play and over her performance; it had seemed so strange to them that they had actually lived in the same house with Mathilde and had talked with her and sat at the same table with her. They told Pa and their gentlemen friends about it; that was Pa who had been with them in the box. Miss Coffey wanted ever so much to go behind the scenes and tell Evelyn how much she and Genevieve had enjoyed the play and how lovely she'd been, but they hadn't dared; hesides, Pa said they wouldn't be allowed in; Pa had been real cross about it. But what Miss Coffey was writing about was to find out Miss Johnson's address; she wanted to call on her. She and Genevieve had had a good time at Long Branch and lots of things had happened; but she couldn't tell about them then; she'd tell everything when she game to call. And wouldn't Miss Johnson please send the address right off? She'd forgotten to safy that Pa had just raved over her, and Pa didn't often rave, except when he got mad over Genevieve's love affairs. And speaking of love affairs—the most wonderful thing—but she'd tell about that when she called. She was in a frightful hurry; she had to go downtown—to the dressmaker's. And wouldn't Miss Johnson send that address soon; she hoped this would reach her at the theatre; but she didn't feel sure.

After reading the note, Evelyn dropped it in his would reach her at the theatre; but she idn't feel sure.

After reading the note, Evelyn dropped it in

din't feel sure.

After reading the note, Evelyn dropped it in her lap and smiled. In its exuberance it was so characteristic of Miss Coffey. It made her think of her acquaintance with the girls from those first weeks when they had snubbed her so unmercifully. Then by a natural transition she thought of their change of attitude, and of the evidences the older sister had given of her supreme good nature. She lived over again that terrible afternoon when Haroid Seymour had been drowned; the recollection made her feel cold and sick. She wondered what would have happened if he had lived; she might have been his wife now. But her engagement for "Deception" might have prevented their marriage for a time; at any rate, it would have saved her from a miserable compromise. Perhaps he would have used the engagement as an argument for their marriage; they would both be in New-York and they might just as well marry then as not; indeed, it would be only folly to put the marriage off longer. She knew just how he would have advanced these be only folly to put the marriage off longer. She knew just how he would have advanced these arguments, seriously and jocosely and persistently, till he had beaten her down. But now, she felt sure it had been all for the best. Best for whom? For herself, perhaps. It was cruel, selfish to take that view of it with regard to him. He had had before him a career of triumph, of constant adulation, possibly of wealth if he took to starring. Yet even in that career she felt there was something ignoble, something unworthy of a man. This feeling might be unreasonable, but it was strongly impressed upon her. The of a man. This feeling might be unreasonable, but it was strongly impressed upon her. The actor's life seemed to her vain and superficial; in Harold Seymour's case it never could become much more; he merely skimmed the surface of emotion. If she had married him, the knowledge of this would have chafed her; she would have had to struggle with herself to argue it away, and the struggle would have been futile. When the glamour of her romance had passed, what would have been left? She had not dared to ask herself this question before; now she did not dare to answer it.

not dare to answer it.

She roused herself and proceeded at once to reply to Miss Coffey's letter. In a few days it brought the young woman to her door. The daughter of one of New-York's leading Republished. daughter of one of New-York's leading Republi-cans was in wonderful array; her tight-fitting tailor-made gown set off her figure to advan-tage; a rich fur boa twisted itself around her neck and a saucy little bonnet rested on the top

neck and a saucy little bonnet of her thick black hair.
"I come the first chance I got," she cried when Evelyn descended to the shabby parlor to receive her. "I was just dying to see you. You're just the same as ever, ain't you?"

She clutched Evelyn by the shoulders and the same as ever, ain't you're have a way and the same as ever, and the shoulders and the shoulders and the shoulders are the shoulders are the shoulders.

planted a kiss on her lips.
"I don't think I've changed very much," Evelyn smiled, while she was still in Miss Coffey's fervid embrace. "It isn't such a long time since lyn smiled, while she wa fervid embrace. "It isn't you saw me, you know." "It seems an eternity t "It seems an eternity to me. So many things have happened. But you do look real well. It's wonderful, though, how the stage does improve you. You were just stunning that night."

"It's the make-up." Evelyn explaint.

the make-up." Evelyn explained apolo-ly, as if she felt in the presence of Miss s full-blown loveliness that she had no

right to look stunning.
"Yes, I spose so. I know a lot of women in
New-York that make up; but they're frights.
Any one can tell. Of course, it's different on the

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stage; the footlights kind of soften it. But ain't rrible the way New-York women make up

"It seems very foolish to me."
"Foolish. Well, I should say it was. Geneyeve began trying it once, and one morning I
just pitched all the stuff out the window. But,
of course, every woman powders. That ain't

anything."
"I don't," said Evelyn, instinctively resenting Miss Coffey's generalization. "That is, I don't

Miss Coffey's generalization. "That is, I don't off the stage."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you if you did," replied the young woman with a serenity that made her impertinence ludicrous. Then, after turning to the looking-glass over Mrs. Leary's mantel, and carelessly brushing one side of her chin with her gloved hand, she went on: "Do you know, the most wonderful thing has happened since I saw you. You never could guess what it is."

Miss Coffey paused to give Evelyn a chance to try.

to try.
"Your sister's engaged," said Evelyn, grasping at the nearest probability.
"No, she ain't," cried Miss Coffey, shaking her

"No, she ain't." cried Miss Coffey, shaking her head, and blushing and breaking out into a ripple of girlish laughter. She waited for Evelyn to make another guess, and as Evelyn didn't, she exploded: "But I am!"
"Are you, really?" said Evelyn, keeping down her surprise to a degree of politeness. "I'm very glad to hear it. I congratulate you."
She offered Miss Coffey her hand, which the young woman selzed and held in both her own.
"Yes, it's the strangest thing. You know, I never expected to get married. I expected to look after Genevieve all my life—be an old maid and live with her after she got married—see her husband treated her well and all that. Think of me being in love! Ain't it absurd? But you never can tell."

She dropped Evelyn's hand and her eyes She dropped Evelyn's hand and her eyes showed that she had gone off into delightful

did it happen?" Evelyn asked, knowing

"How did it happen?" Evelyn asked, knowing that Miss Coffey would be eager to tell.

"Well, it was this way," Miss Coffey replied, shaking herself out of her reverie. "You know what a lot of trouble I had getting Genevieve away from Tom Jordan. Well, I did get her away. Oh, I had such a time with her on the hoat! She abused me awfully. But I didn't mind that. I knew as I'd got her away it was all right. Tom sent her the most frantic letters, but Genevieve hates to write letters—she's awfully laxy—and she never answered one of 'em. but Generyte hates to with a superior of em. She forgot all about him after we'd got down to the Branch. Oh, but I'm going ahead. Well, when I got home I found that Pa-well, he'd been just leading a life! The housekeeper told me all about it. He'd had the house filled up been just leading a life! The housekeeper told me all about it. He'd had the house filled up with a let of men, and they'd been drinking and carrying on dreadfully. You may be sure I just put a stop to that. I told Pa he'd have to come 6cwn to Long Branch with us. I just had to make him go-he hates it so. Well, after he got there some of his friends came down to see him-some of his political friends-about the campaign this fall. One of them, Mr. Webster. I'd never met him before-well, he was just as nice to me as he could be. Yes, just as nice oh, he was lovely! So we're engaged now. We got engaged in three weeks. He's the one that oh, he was lovely? So we're engaged how we got engaged in three weeks. He's the one that sat behind me in the box. Remember him? Didn't you think he was handsome? He's got a splendid brain. Aln't it queer that I should marry a politician after all? You know I always wanted Genevieve to marry one. Pa's real pleased about it?

"But your sister isn't engaged, you say?"
"No. Genevieve had a lot of admin say?" But your sister isn't engaged, you say?"
"No, Genevieve had a lot of admirers down at the hotel. You know what a flirt she is. But she didn't take up with any one in particular. Since we got back Mr. Odenhelmer's been kind of attentive, but I don't think she carry tentive, but I don't think she cares for him. We're going to be married early in the winter." "It will be hard for you to be separated from your sister," Evelyn said, sympathetically.

"It will be hard for you to be separated from your sister," Evelyn said, sympathetically. "Separated from Genevieve?" cried Miss Coffey in a horror-stricken tone. "Well, I guess there ain't any man in the world that could separate me from Genevieve. I'm going to live at home just the same. I don't know what would happen to Pa if I didn't stay with him. It's had enough when I go 'way summers. And Genevieve, she'd just die without me."

At intervals during her talk Miss Coffey's eyes would rove around the room. Their expression showed that she was not pleased with Mrs. Leary's home boarding-house. "What in the world do you want to live in such a place as

eary's home boarding-house. "What in the orld do you want to live in such a place as his for?" she suddenly asked.
"It's inexpensive," said Evelyn, trying to hide

"It's inexpensive," said Evelyn, trying to hide the mortification the question gave her. "But don't you make a lot of money? I thought actresses did."
"The salaries are fairly good while they last," Evelyn replied with an effort to smile, "but the expenses, especially on the road, are a good

deal."
"Do you have to pay for your own dresses?"

"Usually."
"You do? Well, then, if your bills are anything "You do? Well, then, if your bills are anything like Genevieve's. I should think you'd starve. Pa gets so mad over Mme. Fogarit's bills. Still." Miss Coffey continued inconsistently, looking round on the shabby furniture, at the dusty old-fashlored piano, and at the cheap pictures on the walls of Faith, Hope and Charity in uncompromising attitudes, "I should think you could afford better than this. Don't you have a lot of people coming to see you—admirers?"
"No, I don't." Evelyn laughed.
"Why, I thought all actresses were just worshipped."
"That's a common impression, but I'm afraid it isn't altogether true."

"Now, if I were you I'd live in some swell place and give receptions and all that. Lots of nice people would like to come. I'd come," she added persuasively.

"You're very kind," said Evelyn with a smile.

persuasively.

"You're very kind," said Evelyn with a smile.

"When I get married," Miss Coffey went on.

"I 'spose I shall have to have a day. I've always refused to have one, though Genevieve wanted me to awfully a couple of winters ago when she was going round with Schuyler Winslow. Genevieve had the swaggerest ideas then. But I just put my foot down and I said I wouldn't. But when I'm married it'll be different. Oh, I'm going to have the grandest wedding, I shall send out at least three thousand invitations. It'll be just gorgeous. Genevieve'll be my bridesmaid, of course, an' I'll have a lot of little maids of honor, my aunt's girls—they're real pretty. I've told ps to prepare for a big blowout. I do hope you'll be here. Will you? I want you to come."

"When will it be, did you say?" Evelyn asked. "Well, probably some time early in December."

"I don't know. I can't tell how long the play will run here."

"Anyway, you'll come and see us," cried Miss.

"Anyway, you'll come and see us," cried Miss Coffey, rising to go, "I'll leave this cond Miss "Anyway, you'll come and see us," cried Miss Coffey, rising to go. "I'll leave this card with you. Now, you must call. Genevieve'll be delighted to see you again. She'd have come this morning only she had an appointment with Mme. Fogarty: such trouble as Genevieve does have with her dresses, and she's got such a lovely figure, too. Goodby, dear," she exclaimed, diving at Evelyn's face. "I do wish you'd move to a better place. What is that smell, cabbage or just stale cooking? You don't mind my speaking of it, do you? What would your friend Mrs. Cohn say if she saw this? By the way, how is Mrs. Cohn and her Hebrew husband?" she asked with a laugh, as she balanced herself on the steps. Coin and her Hebrew husband?" she asked with a laugh, as she balanced herself on the steps. "And that old frump, Mrs. Appleby, and that guy of a man? I suppose they're back in Cambridge now. Heard anything about her unassailable position lately? I just shriek whenever I think of 'em. I give Mr. Webster imitations of the way Mrs. Appleby used to act whenever Genevieve brought Satan in the dining-room, and oh! I wish you could hear him how!—Mr. Webster, I mean, of course. Goodby, goodby. Be sure to come to the wedding, won't you?"

While Evelyn was standing in the hallway waving a farewell to Miss Coffey she observed a tall, well-dressed man hesitating in front of the house. He was looking up toward the door and his hand was wavering at the edge of his silk hat. At first she supposed he was an

of the house. He was looking up toward the door and his hand was wavering at the edge of his silk hat. At first she supposed he was an acquaintance of Miss Coffey's; then it occurred to her that he might be the political swain, who had been left to wait outside for the charmer. But her surmises were contradicted by the young woman herself, who swung up Twenty-third-st, toward Broadway without noticing the figure; when she had passed it she turned and shook her finger knowingly at Evelyn. Then Evelyn recognized Clarke Ewing.

There was a puzzled look on his face, which disappeared when she bowed to him. Then he ran laughing up the steps.

"I thought it was you," he said, offering his hand, "but I wasn't sure. I knew you lived somewhere in Twenty-third-st., but I had forgotten the number. May I come in?"

"Certainly," she replied, flushing at not having anticipated his request; "I didn't know you at first. I thought you were probably one of Miss Coffey's friends."

"Miss Coffey, Miss Coffey," he repeated, following her into the shabby parlor. "Where have I heard that name before? Perhaps I've met her.

ing her into the shabby parlor. "Where have I heard that name before? Perhaps I've met her. If I have I was abominably rude to her."
"Oh, you probably haven't," said Evelyn. "If you had, she wouldn't have allowed you to forget it."
"But I know I've heard the name," he said,

clinging to the topic to hide the embarrassment he felt at having intruded upon her in such a shabby place.
"Her father's a politician, I believe," Evelyn explained, with an intuitive understanding of his

"Oh, yes, of course—John Coffey. I've read about him in the papers. What a gorgeous person she

He stopped without finishing his sentence and urned red. He felt that he was making a very bad appearance.
"You thought she was an actress, didn't you?"

said Evelyn with a smile.
"Well, I"— he stammered, flushing again in his indecision whether to tell a lie or to be please don't deny it. She is a little like

the kind you read about, the kind you sometimes see in Broadway

see in Broadway."

"Between Twerty-fifth and Twenty-third sts.,"
he laughed; "Soubrette Row, a newspaper man
that I know calls it."

"That's a good name for it. It's a horrid
place. I never go there if I can help it."

There was silence for a moment. Evelyn tried
to think of something to say, but she was unable to evolve a thought. Clarke Ewing seemed
to be in the same predicament. At last, with
an evident effort, he said:

"it's very pleasant round here."

She looked into his face and they both aughed. After that they felt more at ease with

laughed. After that they left more at ease who each other.

"Do you think so?" she said. "Why, I think it's hideous. And then it is so noisy. The horsecars are passing all the time."

"Oh, yes, I should think it would be noisy. But it's central and it's near Madison Square, and Madison Square is the most beautiful spot in the world to me."

"That's because you are a New-Yorker," she

That's because you are a New-Yorker

"That's because you are a New-Yorker," she smiled, thinking of a walk she had had across the square at midnight and of the cigarette advertisement that lighted the whole place.
"Don't you like it?" he asked in surprise.
"I used to dislike it very much."
"That means you like it now," he replied.
"Oh, no, hardly so strong as that. I dislike it less, that's all."
"When you've been here a few years you'll think there's no place in the world to compare with it. That's the experience of every one that stays here long enough to get used to the city."
"But not with Bostonians," she cried, looking into his face with a smile. "They are loyal to their city."
"I confess they are more loyal than people

"I confess they are more loyal than people other places who come here. But I know plenty of Bostonians who have been converted.

I predict that you will be," he cried with the mack air of a prophet.

"Oh, I don't know."

"After a few more metropolitan successes," he

insinuated.
"More?" she replied.

"Why, yes, more," he went on briskly. 1000 ertainly have made one great success. You've

certainly have made one great success. You've saved my piece."
"Oh, no, no!" Evelyn protested. "Miss Gordon!"
"Oh, yes, of course; but she's a show all by herself. I can't convince myself that I've evolved the character that she plays. She's made it something else, something rare and wonderful, something I didn't intend it to be."

She made no comment and he went on.

"But you've told people what I was driving at.
If you weren't in the play, why there wouldn't
he anything of mine in it at all. You know
Davidson has ruined Oglethorpe, and there are
only three characters of any importance in the Ah, but Miss Gordon is very good. She has

made the hit," said Evelyn, more to keep talking than to do justice to her comrade. "I dare say she has made the hit," Ewing re-I dare say she has made the hit. I wing tree piled with a half contemptuous laugh. "It may be that I don't appreciate her, but you have worked out my ideas. If another Helen Gordon had your part I shouldn't recognize my play. You know Saunderson cut it frightfully. They're always changing things, these managers."

"Day they had been a rehearals." Evelyn

"But you liked her at rehearsals," Evelyn cried ignoring the last part of his remarks, and secretly pleased at the chance of paying him hack for his severity before the first night, though now she was glad that he had been so strict with her. "She was the only one you did

"Yes. I suppose I liked her, too; she certainly Tes. I suppose I med her, too, she certainly had no technical faults. There was nothing for me to criticise. She looked at Mrs. Gwynne, it seemed to me, from a woman's point of view. She didn't soften her in the least."

"To you mean she looked at her as women look at the faults of other women?"

"I'm afraid I do," he acknowledged, "Miss Gor-don acts as if she felt no pity for the character. She makes her as hard as she knows how to And do you think all women are like that?"

"No, I don't," he replied promptly, perceiving the drift of her question and realizing the dan-

But I thought you just said you did," Evelyn cried, showing, as many a woman does, unusual courage and aggressiveness in the defence of her sex. Perhans I aid generalize too much.

ne said. "I didn't expect you to pick my re the pieces."

You mustn't take us too

'Miss Gordon isn't a fair example of women."

she sighed, unable to keep from gloating

"Ah," she sighed, unable to keep from general a little over her victory. Then she went on with a change of manner. "I've always felt that you were severe with women—that is, after Myrna." "But I didn't know you then." he laughed. "If I had I should have thought better of them." "I'm afraid you're chaffing me," she said, shak-No, I'm not, really."

"But your women aren't fair-aren't fair types, mean."
"You mean that there are too many Helen Gordons in my stories?"
"Yes, but that's rather severe on Miss Gordon, isn't it?"

"Oh, you're severe on me now, Miss Johnson."
"Miss Gordon has good points."
"Miss Gordon! Why do we always go back to

Because you are always bringing her uplike a woman" she retorted foolishly, for want of something better to say. She realized that

she was appearing at her worst.
"I'm afraid you are trying to pay me back."
he said.
"Pay you back? For what?" she asked, with

"Pay you hack? For what? she asked, with an open-seyed pretence of innocence, though she could read his thought easily enough.
"Why, for being so—so rude to you?"
"This afternoon, do you mean?"
"No. This afternoon? Have I been rude this afternoon? I meant to be utterly impersonal. You don't take what I said serfously, do you?"
She laughed softly into the handkerchief that the hand here hadding in her hand. She was sur-

You don't take what I said seriously, do you?"

She laughed softly into the handkerchief that she had been holding in her hand. She was surprised at the novelist's lack of perspleacity.
"I am afraid there are some things about women that you don't know," she said.
"Then you must teach me. You do know what I really meant, don't you?"

"Of course. You meant that you were rude to me at the reheursals, when you made me cry," she replied mercilessly.
"Cry? Did I make you cry?" he exclaimed with consternation in his face.
She bowed very seriously, still holding the handkerchief over her mouth.
"What a brute you must think I am!" he said, leaning over toward her with his gloves in his clasped hands.
"Oh, no, I didn't, Madge did, though—Miss Guernsey."
"And did I make her cry, too?"
"No, you didn't, It isn't so easy to make Madge cry. But you made her very mad."
"And I made you cry," he repeated absently, apparently not having heard her last remark. He took it so seriously that she was sorry she had said anything about it.
"It was nothing," she said, trying and falling to assume a light manner. "I was very nervous. I was afraid of falling, that was all," she said, it was all," she said, it was all," she said, it was all," she said.

assume a light manner. "I was very nervous, was afraid of failing, that was all." she said, eling her advantage slipping away from her, "And I made it all the harder for you. What

a—what a brute I am!"

He sat for a long time bending forward and clasping his gloves in silence. Evelyn tried to think of something funny to say, but every thought that presented itself seemed flat. At last raised his eyes to her face without moving head and said: "I suppose you'll never for-

"Oh, yes, I shall," she replied, with relief at the breaking of the spell.
"Do they all hate me," he said with a little smile. "All the company?"
"Do you want me to tell you the truth?"
"Of course. I can't imagine you doing any-thing else."

"Would it make any difference to you if they did?" He appeared to ponder the matter deeply, as

if it were of great importance. "Why, yes," he replied at last. "I don't want any one to hate me. Don't you think that every one wants to be liked? Some people pretend they don't, but they really do." "And does it make any difference to whether actors like or dislike you?" she peated.
"Why do you say it in that way?" he said.
lifting his head quickly. "Actors? Why not actors as well as any other people?" Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder.



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regard us as a kind—well, as freaks,"
"Oh, no, no!" he cried, laughing and flushing.
"I'm sure you are unjust to me. Why do you think so?"

hink so?"
"Why, you showed it at rehearsals. By the vay you treated us. We all felt it."
"And did they—did the others say so?"
"No, they didn't, but they felt it just the

He leaned his head on his hands with his el-

He leaned his head on his hands with his elbows on his knees and didn't speak again for a moment. Then he said, looking up again: "You are quite right, I do—or rather, I did—regard them as—as queer. But not as freaks. Oh, no, not as bad as that," he laughed.
"Perhaps I was a little severe," she said. "The take that word back."
"But you've given me a new point of view," he went on, ignoring her remark. "Now, you don't seem to me in the least queer."
"Oh, I'm only commonplace," she smiled, to hide her embarrassment. She was afraid he was going to compliment her again, but he did not. He only said:
"I suppose we are all narrow. We live in our

"I suppose we are all narrow. We live in our little worlds, and every one of us thinks that his little world is the whole world, and if anything happens to be outside, why it doesn't count. I used to imagine that the world of literature was the broadest and freest of all, but now I see that it is about as narrow as the rest of them. It has its little regulations and its prejudices and its conceits. Oh, yes, plenty of

-conceits. There aren't many Shakespeares," said Eve-

lyn, vaguely wondering whether her remark was very silly or very wise. "No. Shakespeare's world was broad enough. "No. Shakespeare's world was broad enough. But it's something to realize that your own is narrow." Then they talked of many things, most of then connected with the theatre. The extent of his knowledge of actors surprised her. Though he knew few of them personally, he seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with their lives; he even knew about minor members of the profession whose good work had attracted his attention. She felt at ease with him, and there were no more awkward pauses in the conversation. When finally he rose from his seat and offered his hand, "Must you go?" she said.

Yes," he replied. "I've made more than the

"Yes," he replied. "I've made more than the regulation call already. But I'm glad of it," he smiled. "I like to talk about the theatre. Besides, you've done me good. You must help me to be broader and more just to women."
"I wish I could help you to be more just to women," she replied conservatively, as she offered him her hand with a smile.

Instead of letting him leave her in the boarding-house parlor, she went out into the dingy hall with him. The house recked with the stale odors of countless dinners and seemed to be darker and dingler than ever. She felt as if she ought to apologize for it, but she resisted the temptation. He, however, must have divined her feeling, for to break the momentary embarrassment between them he said:
"What a quaint old place this is."

barrassment between them he said:
"What a quaint old place this is!"
"It's certainly old enough," Evelyn laughed.
"I should like to live in such a place as this for awhile. We live uptown, in Madison-ave, among the straightlaced people. I'm just enough of a Bohemian to appreciate the pleasures of not being genteel. I once wanted to take some rooms downtown, way over on the East Side, just after I left college and began writing. I wanted to live there for awhile and see the other half. But the Mater objected so much that I gave up the scheme. So I just prowigave up the scheme. So I just prowl

around now."
"Were you prowling when you passed here?"
Evelyn asked. Evelyn asked.
"Well, yes, in a sort of a way. I was going flown to a little shop in Twenty-third-st, where they sell old prints and old photographs of accors. Some of them are great finds. I keep a collection of theatrical celebrities. They promisely tors. Some of them are great finds. I keep a collection of theatrical celebrities. They promised to hunt up an engraving of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse for me. You've seen that, haven't you? Reynolds, you know. They said they might have it to-day. Do you know the said Evelyn. "I don't go about much.

he said eagerly. It's very interesting.
It take you to some of the old book shops in Fourth-ave., too I should like to go," she replied. "Thank "I should like to go, she replied. I hank you, very much."

"All right," he cried, as he started to go down the steps. "I'll call for you some afternoon, or perhaps we can make an appointment at the theatre. I'm so glad I saw you. But I was going to come anyway."

CHAPTER XLVII.

Miss Coffer's plain speech and the embarrass Leary's. She had many privileges in the house that she could not have secured at other boarding-houses, and she hated to wound Mrs. Leary's feelings by leaving. For the present at least she ters; but after the third week of "Deception" she heard definitely that the place would be kept on until February, and if the business continued o be satisfactory, even later. It was the intention of the management to force the run in New York so that the piece might take the road with the prestige of a great metropolitan success. This, it was thought, would more than compensate for the expense of the New-York theatre, where Saunderson had to share sixty per cent of the receipts with the proprietors instead of the usual forty per cent for theatres out of New-York. The new plans gave Evelyn a reason in favor of a departure to more aristocratic realms. it was strengthened, moreover, by an announce-ment made to Evelyn by Madge Guernsey, that Belle Livingston wanted to let the flat in Seven-ty-first-st, which she and her mother were occupying; Belle was just about to go on the road and her mother was to spend the winter with friends in South Carolina; they had been unable to let the flat, and they felt so desperate about it that they would rent it by the month if they sould. Belle had urged Madge to take it, and Madge urged Evelyn to keep house there with her; it would be awfully cheap, and the flat was just as pretty as it could be; Belle Livingston did have taste. They could retain for cook and general housekeeper the old colored mammy that the Livingstons had; her name was Charity Dusenberry, and Mrs. Livingston said she

Evelyn called at the flat with Madge and met the girl who had been her rival for the part of Mathilde. Belle Livingston was tall, handsome and twenty-eight; she had large liquid black eyes and jet black hair, with strands of gray in it; Madge afterward explained that the gray did not show on the stage. As she eyed Evelyn there was a disappointed, an almost bitter look in her face. She had to swallow her pride to urge the girl who had secured the part she had set her heart on playing to take the little home she had made by hard work for herself and her mother; all this Evelyn realized with a feeling of pity that she knew Belie Livingston, if she had suspected it, would have resented. Mrs. Livingston was a little, old-fashioned woman with white hair and a pathetic smile that revealed wonderfully good teeth. She took no pains to conceal the anxiety she felt to let the flat; her daughter was more reserved, but outle as eager. "You see, we've got some of our furniture," said the old lady. "I left it at my brother's house in Charleston when we broke up after Helle's father died. And then last spring, when we decided to take this flat, I sent for some of

"It's very pretty," said Evelyn, looking around, There was a large parior leading into a dining-room. Behind these were two small bedrooms, the kitchen and the servant's room. Next to the parior, in front of the house, was another bed-room, which Madge declared she wanted for her-

self.
"It's just my size," she cried, as they looked into it. "You can have the nice one next to the dining-room, Evelyn, and we'll save the other for

dining-room, Evelyn, and we'll save the other for z guest. When mother comes on to see me we'll put her in there."

All of the rooms were tastefully furnished, with touches that suggested departed wealth. Belle Livingston's father had been one of the many Southerners rulned by the war. The girl had been brought up in an atmosphere of shabby gentility, and after her father's death, when she was about twenty-two, she had chosen rather. was about twenty-two, she had chosen, rather than live on her uncle's bounty, to go on the stage. Since that time she had dragged wearily stage.

for ordinary purposes; Evelyn saw at once that the part of Mathilde would have been utterly unthe part of Mathilde would have been utterly un-suited to her.
"We were crazy to have taken this flat," she

said when she and her mother had shown their callers all the rooms. "It's on our hands till next May, unless we subjet it," she added weari-"What possessed you to do it?" cried Madge, whose practical mind discerned at once the folly

whose practical mind discerned at once the long of such a proceeding.

"Oh, I'd set my heart on a New-York engagement," she replied, with a kind of despairing carelessness. "And I made up my mind just to settle down here for the summer and get it. I thought it would be a kind of incentive if I took the flat. I'd have to get at them."

the flat; I'd have to get it then."
"Dear me!" said Madge, sympathetically, but with a suggestion of "Well, what a big fool you were" in her tone.

ere" in her tone.
"I thought I was going to do the part you've "I thought I was going to do the part you've got, Miss Johnson," said Belle Livingston, with a melancholy laugh, turning to Evelyn. "I sup-pose we couldn't both have it. But now that you've got it, I hope you'll take the flat," she added, trying to vell her anxiety under a feeble

I like it very much," Evelyn replied, unhesitatingly.
"When do you go out, Belle?" Madge asked.
"Next week. We open in Albany. The road
again! Oh, how I hate it!" she cried, passionate-

Her mother looked at her with that mute

misery in her face which mothers sometimes show when their children are suffering and they are unable to help them. relieved the tension by saying: "It is beastly, ain't it?"
"I do wish you'd take the flat," cried Belle Livingston, wistfully,

"We'll make the price very low," said her mother, with that look of cunning which often appears in the faces of old women of a certain

Evelyn; for a moment this quite outweighed her pity for the pain Mrs. Leary would suffer on losing her; Mrs. Leary, however, could get some one in her place; these women, however, might not be able to find any one else to rent their

"I think we'd better decide to take it, Mauge, said Evelyn, after a moment's silence.

The cunning look appeared in Mrs. Livingston's face again, and this time there was joy in it. Her daughter's face also brightened up.

"All right," cried Madge, delightedly. "Then it's a bargain. I'll be glad to get out of the old boarding-house. No more liver and bacon for me. Now, Evelyn, we must have that understood. We must never, never, have liver and

"Now we must speak of terms," said the old lady, with a display of her white teeth.

"We ought to pay you at least what you're paying now," said Evelyn, promptly. And when she saw Madge's face drop she went on: "Of course, when you hire a flat by the year, you get it cheaper than when you hire it by the month," "Exactly," cried Mrs. Livingston, with a long sigh She could hardly credit the good fortune Evelyn's first speech had promised, and she had held her breath for fear that the second remark would contain some shattering condition. She looked nervously at her daughter, apparently fearing the girl was going to destroy the bright prospect.

prospect.
"We had intended to offer you the flat for less. said Miss Livingstone, as if shaking off a tempta-tion not to speak.

A shadow fell upon her mother's face and the old lady turned appealingly to Evelyn. The ex-pression in Madge's eyes said plainly to her friend. "Oh, I wish you wouldn't be such a

"I'm sure that what you are now paying would be satisfactory to me," said Evelyn, who already knew the figure. "Wouldn't it to you, Ye-es," said Madge, with an expressed inflec-

"Ye-es," said Madge, with an expressed inflection that was quite free from enthusiasm.
"When will you want to come in?" asked Mrs. Livingstone eagerly, showing that she considered the bargain closed. "We go away on Saturday." I shall have to give Mrs. Leary at least a week's notice," Evelyn replied.

The details of the arrangement were quickly considered. Mrs. Livingstone showed her appreciation of Evelyn's generosity by offering to leave in the flat the necessary implements of house-keeping including even her china and table linen, of which she seemed to be very proud. "I know I can trust you," she smiled. And when they were leaving Belle Livingstone said quietly to Evelyn. "I'm glad you got the part." This steech wade Evelyn aways remember the girl

it kept her humble.

Mrs. Leary did not manifest the sorrow and resentment at Evelyn's departure which had been expected of her; Evelyn was a little disappointed. "Shure, I knew well you wuddn't stay here, darlin." Taint good enough for yer, so it ain't. It's a home of yer own yer ought ter have, dearie, an' O'lm glad yer goin' ter have it. But I couldn't stand it if yer went to another board's

house."

But, in spite of her philosophy, Mrs. Leary wept coplously when Evelyn took her leparture; she promised to visit the flat some morning and spend the day. "May Gahd bless yer, an' keep yer out o' harm's way," she cried at the door, as it Evelyn were about to leave her forever.

yer out o' harm's way," she cried at the door, as if Evelyn were about to leave her forever.

When they arrived at the flat they found nearly everything there that they had noticed during their first visit; yet the soul of the place seemed gone; it had the air of not being inhabited. Evelyn quickly perceived that this was due to the removal of such little personal articles as photographs and ornamental trinkets which had given the place such a dainty look, and to the rigid regularity in the arrangement of the furniture. The Livingstones had shown perfect taste in their disposal of their property before their departure; everything that was distinctly personal had disappeared. Evelyn and Madge set to work at once to infuse a new soul into the place, and in a few hours they had made the apartment their own. It was deighthfully homelike, and when their work was done they sat down in the parlor, looked into each other's faces and sighed with content. This was Evelyn's first real home, and she was prepared to enjoy it.

"How nice and pretty everything looks," said Madge, gazing around rapturously.

"And to think that we've earned it all, Madge" cried Evelyn.

"We might give receptions or teas. Let's give

"And to finish that we've climber to a successful Evelyn.
"We might give receptions or teas. Let's give a Sunday night reception," the soubrette suggested, enthusiastically.

Evelyn shook her head. "We shall have to be given to be successful." The said "We are actresses." Evelyn shook her head. 'We shan be said, 'We are actresses very circumspect,' she said. 'We are actresses and haven't any chaperon, you know.' and haven't any chaperon. 'Charity's chap-

and haven't any chaperon, you know."

"Oh, confound a chaperon. Charlty's chaperon enough. You're an awful prude."

They quickly settled down to their life in Seventy-first-st., and in a couple of weeks they felt as if they had been keeping house together for years. To Evelyn, after her journeyings, her lonely days in dismal hotels, it seemed almost an ideal existence; when Madge sometimes complained of the monotony, she replied that it was just what she liked; it was so delightful after the irregularity, the fever of her life on the road. The Livingstones had left their library and Evelyn found it stocked with the best of the modern writers, as well as with writers of the eighteenth century; she read chiefly fiction, and occasionally she dipped into biographies and collections of essays that she found there; she made her first acquaintance with Baizac and Miss Austen, reading one as a kind of antidote for the other. Belie Livingstone had collected a number of books on the drama and on actors, and these Evelyn devoured eagerly; but they did not give her what Livingstone had collected a number of books of the drama and on actors, and these Evelyn devoured eagerly; but they did not give her what she was always seeking, the justification of the dramatic art. She had read every culory of it that she could find, and she had agreed with most of the sentiments these contained; but they did not satisfy her, they did not remove the feeling that chafed her, the feeling that there was something inherently unworthy in the work of an actor. It was degrading to give up one's identity, to use the body for the personification of a character not one's own, to defile it with paint, to disguise it in fantastic dress. Perhaps it was a weakness, perhaps it was foolish for her to feel so; Madge certainly did not; she would not dare ever to mention to Madge her scruples; the soubrette would only laugh and say that she was crazy. She knew that her feelings on the subject were contradictory; surely the actor's art was fine when practised by such men as Booth and Jefferson and Irving. Why then should it be ignoble when practised by any of the smooth-faced familiar gentlemen of whom she had a secret horror, the men she met in the wings at right, budgeus in the giare of the gasilght, more faced familiar gentlemen of whom she had a secret horror, the men she met in the wings at night, hideous in the glare of the gaslight, more hideous at matinees in the glare of the day? Once in a letter to Oswald Webb—he had sent her a copy of Jefferson's "Autobiography," which she had read before thanking him for it—she spoke of this feeling; he replied at once, offering arguments to refute those advanced by Augustine Birreil in his essay on "Actors"; he had a firm faith in the stage, in acting, which he believed at its best to be worthy of ranking with the creative arts. She replied that in her opinion the actor was in no sense a creator; he merely developed ideas; he was the artisan that worked out the suggestions of the artist. This led to

another letter from him, in which he advanced arguments of his own and quoted arguments from others, and brought up such a long list of authorities on his side that she felt appalled and though unconvinced, dropped the discussion. She knew the futility of arguing against a feeling This was the first argumentative correspondence in which she had ever engaged, and she enjoyed the exhibitantion of it. She realized more keenly than she had ever done before the delights of the intellectual life; she had no how the could ever lead such a life; she believe delights of the intellectual life; she had no hose that she could ever lead such a life; she believed that she had not the equipment necessary for it besides, it seemed to her that there was a conspitacy on the part of society to prevent women from leading it. Nevertheless, she plunged with a new zest into her reading, and she found in the Livingstones' library a mine of pleasure that she could not exhaust in the short time also should be in possession of it.

She continued to hear occasionally from the could which he had been reviewing, and which is thought would interest her; with these he some

book which he had been reviewing, and which he thought would interest her; with these he sometimes sent his reviews of them, and she was neterested to compare his judgments with her own. His scope on the paper, he told her, had widened considerably; in addition to his reviewing and dramatic work, he wrote editorials occasionally, chiefly on literary topics. She ventured to my that she thought he was doing too much, and he replied that he had to keep busy. It was in he answer to this letter that she asked if he was going on with his novel; she was very much he replied that he had to keep bosy. It was in her answer to this letter that she asked if he may going on with his novel; she was very much interested in that; she had hoped it might come out in the winter, and that she should have the pleasure of reading it. His reply was locose; he hadn't gone on with the story, he had lost fain in it; he was afraid that his genius had left him disgusted with his neglect of her; he couldn't hope now to be anything more than a men newspaper hack; but he still had the first fer chapters in his desk; if Miss Johnson cared to read them, he should be glad to send them on she needn't be afraid of his odious handwriter, he had had them typewritten. She answered immediately that she should be delighted to read the chapters. Then he said that he wanted to make a few revisions before submitting the sheets to her; he was afraid of her criticism; he hoped she wouldn't think he was forcing the manuscript on her, and she must promise not be to the the the term to drop it as soon as it became. manuscript on her, and she must promise not to let it bore her, to drop it as soon as it became

During this passage of letters, Madge Guern-sey was herself conducting a brisk correspond-ence with Mr. Jimmy Wise; in no way did she al-low the attentions of Willie Boyd, her fellow. low the attentions of Willie Boyd, her fellow, player and nightly attendant home—Madge his solved the problem of Evelyn's nocturnal excu-sions from the theatre—to interfere with this pas-Willie was a nice boy of nineteen,

light hair and small white teeta

thin, with very light hair and small white testa, which he constantly displayed by means of a saccharine smile. He had unfortunately a hip voice and a mineing manner which made Every voice and a mineing manner which made Every voice and a mincing manner which made Evely fear for his future on the stage. His love for acting was intense; to the grief of his parents he had left the hardware business—he had slaved at it for three years with increasing loathing for his duties—and, through the induence of Harry Davidson, whom he met in Toledo, Ohlo, where he lived, he had secured the smallest part in "Deception." Madge had accepted him as her secon's attendant for the simple reason that the affections of all the other men in the company were centred elsewhere. Sie never took Willia seriously, and his extreme propriety and his seriously, and his extreme propriety and his seriously. tch made Evelya His love for actwere centred eisewhere. Sie never took Wills seriously, and his extreme propriety and his sp-perfluous politeness afforded her endless amus-ment. Indeed, it was these qualities that made Willie the butt of the whole company; even the young girls and the young men who merely "went on" every night in the ballroom sees, "went on" every night in the ballroom chaffed him unmercifully. The friendshi Madge formed with him came very wrecked during the third week of One night, while Evelyn was standing One night, while Evelyn was standis the entrances waiting for her cue. Willie, surrounded by a group of su-ries, were conversing near her of su-Madge and ries, were conversing near by in front of Helen Gordon's dressing-room. From the remarks that Evelyn overheard, it was evident that the sub-ject under discussion was "firting." "Well, I don't care." she heard Madge exclaim so loui don't care, she that two of the actors standing in cried "Sh" "I don't care, I wouldn't and with a snap of her fingers she col lower voice, "for a man that didn't k tinued in a lower voice, "for a man that did: flirt." This remark seemed to You may say what you like,' I have no respect for a girl, or for a man either, who flirts. And I can say that I never flirted in my life. No woman's lips have ever touched mine except my mother's and my sister's." There was a sudden rustle of garments, and Evelya locked round just in time to see Madge fly at Willie's face, plant a resounding kiss on his flps, and then turn and run down the corridor in a was a sudden rustle of garments, and Evelya looked round just in time to see Madge fly at Willie's face, plant a resounding kiss on his lips, and then turn and run down the corridor in a convulsion of merriment. It was all done so quickly that Willie was too surprised to defend himself, and just as Evelyn received her cue she saw him flush with anger under his make-up and she heard the smothered laughter of those who witnessed the scene. She had herself been hardly able to keep from laughing as she went on the stage. That night Willie came to her and explained that he was very sorry, but he really could not go home with her any more, as it would be impossible for him ever to speak to Miss Guernsey again—her conduct had been so unlady-like; so that night Evelya and Madge were obliged to seek Seventy-first-st, unattended. Next day, however, reconciliation took place, and Madge's vandalism seemed to have the effect of making Willie more devoted to her than he had been before. But Madge news could forgive Willie for being younger than herself, and he unwittingly increased by contrast her regard for Jimmy Wise, who was at least

self, and he unwittingly increased by contrast her regard for Jimmy Wise, who was at least five years older.

Every morning Madge watched eagerly for the mail, and in her search for Jimmy's outpouring she was obliged to scrutinize the letters that came for Evelyn. She knew the handwriting of Mrs. Cohn, and the Stearns boys and Ned Osgood, who, after Oswald Webb, were Evelyn's most faithful correspondents, and she had become acquainted with Webb's by a chance, duly apologized for, which had once caused him to send Evelyn a note inclosed in an "Argus" encome acquainted with Webb's by a chance, day apologized for, which had once caused him to send Evelyn a note inclosed in an "Argus" elvelope. Madge frequently read Jimmy's letter aloud, with shricks of laughter, and she felt piqued because Evelyn did not do likewise with Oswald Webb's. At the breakfast-table one morning Evelyn received a large package in a familiar handwriting; she allowed it to lie unopened beside her plate. Madge was soon deponed beside her plate. opened beside her plate. Madge was soon depin a smiling perusal of a communication from Jimmy; when she had finished, she looked at Evelyn's package and said with a knowing

giance:
"You think you're awfully shy, don't you?"
"What do you mean, Madge?" Evelyn asked,
feeling her face grow warm.
"Don't you suppose I know where that came
from?"

"He came from Boston."
"Boston." Boston's a wonderful place. They have wonderful men there—wonderful literary men. Oh, you are deep."
"I didn't know that I was. Madge." Evelyn laughed, with an instinctive dread of what was coming. "It came from Boston." ming.
"I always thought he was fond of you," said

"I always thought he was fond of you," sall Madge, with pretended carelessness, tasting her coffee. "What nice coffee Charity makes. Evelyn dropped her fork on the piate. "You mustn't say such things, Madge. It's wrong." "Wrong? Oh, you silly! Is it wrong then get letters from him—long, long, letters, a mile long?" Madge cried, throwing out her arms in extravagant burlesque. Then she dropped her arms, planted her elbows on the table, put her face in her hands, and said: "Has he proposed yet?"

yet?"
"You're talking nonsense, Madge," Evelyn replied quietly. "Mr. Webb has been kind to mathat's all. You forget that his wife died only a few months ago," "His wife, such a wife!" Madge mocked.
"He's merely interested in me on account of my work, on account of my being an actress," cried Evelyn, egged on by a feveral desire to justify herself.
"Then he'll marry you on account of your be-

desire to justify herself.

"Then he'll marry you on account of your being an actress." Madge laughed.

"You are altogether mistaken, Madge." retoried Evelyn, almost petulantly. "He wouldn't—be wouldn't marry an actress."

"He wouldn't!" cried Madge, indignantly. "He wouldn't!" cried Madge, indignantly. "Then he's no man at all. Wouldn't marry an actress! Well, I declare, I'd like to hear him say so. I guess he'd never say it again, and I guess you're good enough for any man and much too good for a man like him. He never would have amounted to anything if he hadn't married amounted to anything if he hadn't married arich wife. That's all he married her for, just because she was rich. Not marry an actress the married her for, for the Continued.)

(To be Continued.) AN UNAPPRECIATIVE VALET.

ALL FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GALLERIES From The Boston Advertiser.

is the newest member of the Senate, for he is certain to pose for the galleries and to imagine that the eyes of the spectators are upon him. Just now patrick Walsh occupies the position of the baby ator, and the Georgia editor follows in the path of ator, and the Georgia editor follows in the path of other distinguished men. He walks about the chamber with great dignity, all the time keeping one chamber with great dignity, all the time keeping one of fine gray hair carefully combed high into a Southern pompadour. Washington, July 16.—It is always easy to s the newest member of the Senate, for he i